

Title: "Teach Me"

Composer: Mario White (J. Bidnizz)

Date: Thursday, October 26th, 2023

Bars: 72

Genre: Hip Hop

Hook: I need you to teach me... lil' moma...
when it comes to you... I wanna' be a
scholar... cause baby you got class... like
college... (huh) & I just wanna graduate
with honors...

So I need you to teach me... how to love
ya'... no matter the task... I'll pass...
I promise... go 'head gimme' yo' math...
& I'mma' call it... cause if you havin'
no man is the problem then I'mma'
solve it... cause I want you to
teach me...

Verse 1: Like it's the 1st day of school... 1st
period: home room... no time to read
the rules... never mind all the do's
& don't do's... cause when it comes
to you it's nothin' that I won't
do... no sittin' in the corner of the
class on a stool... no dunce hat:
baby I'm no fool... I vow to never
let my head rest on my desk: I
won't snore... I'll be attentive
like I'm 'sposed to... as a matter
of fact instead of me sittin' way
in the back of the classroom...
my request is to have my seat
moved... I'mma' need for you
to put me some where up front

with a close view... so I can get a
bit' closer to you... girl I been
noticin' you... hope that you notice
me too... like *kids* with their *hands*
raised screamin' out "ohh ooh ooh"...
You got me thinkin' of some naughty
things I could do... to get put
in *detention* & get kept after
school...

Hook: * Repeat hook 1x only *

Verse 2: Until I get it... your body language
like a *text book* & I done read
it... okay baby I'm ready... let's
work better bet it... I'm talkin'
pop quizzes, home work, extra
credit... I'm ready for you to
check it: come flip my paper
ova'... don't forget your pens
permanent markers & *crayola*...
I love the feelin' I get whenever
you *grade* it over my shoulder,
make me wanna wrap my arms
around your waist & pull you
closer... caress ya' like I'm
spose ta'... knock everything off
the *table*... pen ya' body to the
surface of it like a *stapler*... We
could make love on a *graded stack*
of *papers* I could hit it from
the back & call it "clappin' yo'
erasers"... or we could jazz it
up, I'll tare it up standin' up,
like we were *pledgin' allegiance*.

put the D.C. flag up... face down,
back up... I'll eat ya' like a
bag lunch... all the way until
the bell ring: baby class up...

Hook: * Repeat hook 1x only *

Verse 2: To give ya' whatever you ask for...
I'll write your name a billion
times on a black board... take my
heart: you don't even have to ask
for it... you will be excused: you
don't need a hall pass for it...
count on it like a mathematics
teacher... the baddest teacher got
my nose wide open like a trapper
keeper... she's well known got
fans that'll pack the bleachers...
so if I ever getta' get her I'mma'
have to' keep her... & that's a
plus never a minus... not even
them colorful tab dividers, in
binders, could ever divide us...
add kids to that equation & it
multiplies us... put my love to
the test & I'mma' score the highest...
if I was college you would've
been passed... I'll put it on
your thick ass... tongue kiss
me & call it french class...
pouévu' engles, if so, we can
kick back & chit chat, I hope
you dig that...

* Repeat hook 1x... Song fades *